FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

"For a world united in prayer"

Volume XXVII, Number 3, June 1976

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Founded by Carl Allison Evans (1880 - 1956)

OUR PURPOSE: To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of Fellowship among mankind.

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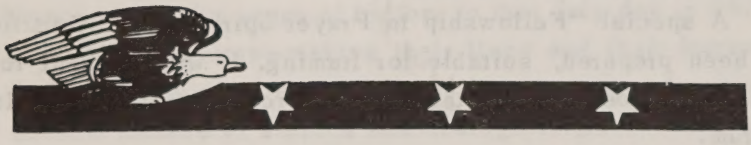
THE FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

SPIRIT OF '76 BOOK FOR ETERNITY



"NEW HORIZONS" has been the motto as Fellowship in Prayer took its step into the second quarter-century for "a world united in prayer."

No better time can be more appropriate for affirmation of this than the present moment in the history of the United States of America—the bicentennial year when a new spirit of '76 holds a special place in the hearts of all Americans, those born on native soil as well as those from the four corners of the world who through the years migrated to these shores and changed their status to read: "I am an American."

The Fellowship is sponsoring a Roll of Honor—new Spirit of '76 Book for Eternity which will record the names of all friends of the Fellowship who wish to be included in this special project.

The Roll of Honor will include various categories—namely, a bicentennial member; in memoriam tribute; a thoughtful remembrance; or "I am an American—Spirit of '76."

To be part of this bicentennial remembrance, we are appealing for contributions to further the work of the Fellowship.

Contributions are asked in denominations of $19.76, $197.60, $1,976.00—or in any denomination that you, the friend of Fellowship in Prayer, wish to add.

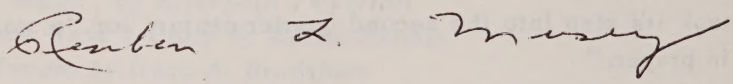
The funds received from this special bicentennial second-

quarter-century "New Horizons" program will be used toward furthering the work.

Long-range planning includes research projects and focus on the religious heritage of America, the religions of the world, who share a common faith in the power of prayer, an ecumenical movement; implementation of communications media to mobilize the spiritual resources of mankind.

A special "Fellowship in Prayer Spirit of '76" Certificate has been prepared, suitable for framing. It will be sent to all friends who contribute to the special Bicentennial Roll of Honor program.

May God add His blessing to all who have found inspiration and guidance in the purpose of Fellowship in Prayer as outlined by our founder Carl Allison Evans a quarter of a century plus one year ago.



PRAY

Hattie Pope

Now at the dawn of each new day
Let us not forget to pray,
To thank God for the peaceful night
And the morning, fair and bright.

Then ask Dear God throughout the day
Tell us what to do and say,
So when the day comes to an end,
We can say we've helped a friend.

THE PRESIDENT'S COMMENTS by Reuben L. Musey

LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

July 4, 1776!

This year marks the two-hundredth anniversary of the United States of America.

Turning back the pages of history to that July day in Philadelphia, fifty-six patriots—risking their lives and their fortunes—who loved country more than self, set down on paper for eternity the solemn resolve of a proud and courageous people to whom a great nation was soon to be born.

"When in the course of human events. . . ."

Thus began a great document—the nation's birth-certificate—containing these privileges: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. . . ."

In beautiful but simple language was penned a document destined to influence the course of history—a document which to the present time has shone like a beacon across the troubled skies of a changing world.

We were then four million people along the eastern seaboard of the American continent, united to form a more perfect union.

And now, in the urgent present, nearly two-hundred million people in a great land stretching from sea to sea.

This wonderful land called America—this glorious liberty.

I am reminded of these words from Galatians 5:1: "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. . . ."

The dear sacrifices of the American forefathers—men of faith, hope, and courage, displayed their devotion to God, their dedication to country too, not forgetting the heartaches and many hardships they faced to see their dreams become a reality. And those dreams? The making of America! What they made is what we have and enjoy today.

America is ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit.

There never was a land that better deserved the love of her people than America.

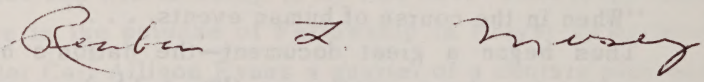
This land is great because its people know the Lord. Its sons are guided by His word.

The American heritage is the sum-total of hardship and heroism, of struggle and success.

Without God, there could be no America—the melting-pot of people from other nations. Without God, there could be no American way of life.

Thus the Founding Fathers saw it!

And thus, with God's help, it will continue to be.



BICENTENNIAL PRAYER *by Dennis Barry Carroll*

HEAVENLY FATHER, bless this nation in this hour as you have so graciously done in the past two-hundred years. Bless its people, whose ancestors came from the four corners of the universe because they hated oppression, injustice, and violence, and hoped to create peace, brotherhood, and freedom.

LOVE

Irene Payan

Love
is a giant snowflake.
While it drifts gently,
it reveals
infinite wonders.

UNSPOKEN PRAYER

Frances Brandon Neighbours

Dear God, you hear the prayer
Within my heart before I speak,
The good I wish for my dear one,
Before I speak:
So as a child I come today,
Sure that a loving Father knows
All that I would say.

PITY

Nina Willis Walter

Think kindly toward the sinner.
You cannot know the power
That dire temptation wielded
In some dark, lonely hour.

You know not what resistance
He offered, nor how well
He fought, till sudden weakness
Overtook him, and he fell.

Be gentle toward the fallen.
Take heed lest you forget:
No matter what his error,
He is your brother yet.

He needs your love and pity,
Your help and courage, too.
Be merciful and gentle,
As God has been to you.

KEEP ME CLOSE!

Georgiana Lieder Lahr

Father, keep me close to you
As I live each day,
Let me place my hand in yours
All along the way.

Let me feel your Presence
Ever at my side,
Knowing that you care for me,
Knowing that you guide.

Surrendering all my human will,
Seeking none but Thine,
Days become more radiant,
With Thy glory shine.

Father, keep me close to you,
And the hours will sing
With love, and peace and beauty,
And joy in everything!

"WHAT SONG?"

Elizabeth Twyeffort

What song contents the bird that sings a lullaby at eventide
When darkness camouflages leaves and nests that shelter under eaves?
As rides the wind and strides above the meadow grass to scull the sky,
Each mellow note from warbling throats then outwatd floats in upward glide.

What song belongs to quiet moods when mist and rain explain
that day
Is not undone without the sun,
And trees are hung with fleece of fog;

When raucous sounds that do not rebound from ground and streets'
unceasing noise,
As splashing raindrops softly splay on shingle roofs in gentle
play.

What special song belongs to me and sings along within my mind,
Not versed or phrased, or yet rehearsed, but still conveys my present mood
As mind and hand complete each feat enveloped by cocoon of time?
I cannot tell because each spell holds me enthralled by secret
bind.

HER STARS HAVE A GLORY

From a crown of sonnets, "The Immortal Fire of Freedom," by Zelma Dennis

A spark arose to cleanse and re-inspire
The people, who resolved in dawn's clear light
To rise above the war's decaying mire
That future years might lead in paths of right.
Ingenious skills from the chrysalis of mind
Gave birth to commerce giants stretching wide,
Enriching life, improvements of all kind,
Inviting flooding streams of human-tide.
America reached out to every state.
Uniting fifty in a starry frame.
She led throughout all lands, predestined fate
To lift the living torch of freedom's flame
With stars that shone in glory over all;
This power challenged by world war's black pall.

FIVE TAPERS

Irene A Bradshaw

Five white tapers on my table,
I light them . . . one by one . . .
The first for nuptial love we share
Brilliant as the sun;
The second for our progeny
To grow and multiply
And fill the world with purity
Like galaxies on high;
I light the third that peace may come
To every soul on earth,
That leaders will evaluate
What human life is worth;
The fourth one glows with steady flame
For countless friends held dear,
For new associations
We make each passing year;
The fifth in loving memory
Of others, gone to rest. . .
Dear God, I humbly bow my head,
I am so richly blessed.

WHEN WE PRAY

Clyde S. Creel

When we pray, wherever we are,
There our altar may be;
The door is closed or left ajar.
Faith and sincerity
Bring peace and joy of our making
So trust and courage adhere;
Truth once asleep now is waking,
And hidden things become clear.

GIVE

Nixeon Civille Handy

GIVING THANKS is the adrenalin of the human spirit. At its lowest ebb, sunk-in-mud discouraged, the spirit rises one last time, like Job, to praise God. This expression of thanksgiving brings in the floodtide raising the spirit, clean of the mud, explaining new shorelines, until, totally renewed, the whole person is giving thanks for everything.

What to be thankful for? All, all, that ever happens.

Praise God for the two legs you stand on. Only one? Thank God for that one. No legs? Be thankful for the body that adjusts, for the strength that comes when you accept what might be an inconsolable loss for another.

Fill your entire being with gratitude. Shout it, let the body act it out. Run and jump in a game, run the wind a race, raise your arms to the rain, to the sky, to the trees. Be grateful for friends, especially for children to love and to understand. For sun and stars, for ice and fire, for work to do.

Be thankful for anything that comes. So you have a problem? Congratulations! What a time to grow.... There is not one single happening that you cannot praise God for. We may even be thankful for evil. Jesus Christ gives us the challenge: turn evil to God, and His Almighty Wisdom. He will know what to do with it. He may tell you what to do with it. Listen. Everything that happens can be turned to benefit someone. Joy is equal parts of fun and pain, and joy is part of being thankful. Give thanks. God blesses those who do.

REAL GRIT *Michael Toryfter*

Transcendental meditation
Spiritual enlightenment
Unquenchable truth.
Ah! Soul food.

WHAT THE BROOK AND THE WATER-STRIDER KNEW

A Conundrum by Eleanor Ebersole

"HURRY, hurry, hurry," said the brook.

"Why do you hurry?" asked the water-strider, small among the insects.

"Hurry, hurry, hurry," continued the brook.

"What is your hurry?" called out the water-strider again, circling wildly with the others on the surface of the still waters at the edge of the brook.

"Going, going, going," the waters said from mid-stream.

"Where are you going?" the water-strider shouted, still scooting about.

"Get there, get there, get there," called the water from the very same spot among the rocks where it had called before.

"Get there. Have you not gotten there yet?" the strider said a bit more sympathetically.

"Catch up, catch up, catch up," gurgled the sound from the rocks.

"Well, let us see," said the strider, suddenly skating to a blade of grass flattened to the water's surface. Up went the small black insect to sit on this perch the water had provided. After pondering briefly, the strider went on with the talk.

"Tell me," said the strider over the heads of its zigzagging mates. "Why do you talk of hurry, going, and catching up, when you talk always from the same spot in the rocks?"

"Going, going, going," continued the voice from the ledge of rocks.

"It seems to me," said the strider, "we are all going some place. Striders zigzag and brooks go at a straight pace."

"Wait, wait," said the waters. "Wait."

"I'll wait," said the strider. "You wait for me."

The voice which had been waiting all the time in the rocks gave a special beat in its traveling, as an exuberant splash.

"We all wait while we hurry," said the strider, who in a flash was circling with the others as far out as their weight

could preserve them against the current.

"Catch up, catch up," called the waters.

"Catch up," mimicked the strider. "Catch up while you wait."

At the edge of the rapids where the striders extended their course and were tossed back, the brook and the strider met in their match. Wherever they were going did not matter so much as the waiting that goes with the catching up.

HOLD ME, OH LORD, IN YOUR LOVE

Cornelia Bagarotti

Hold me, oh Lord, in your love.
May my being be in yours.
May all I meet or see
Breathe forth your love divine
Till I no longer say
Me or mine
But find all Being thine.

Let every moment stand serene
May I accept with Peace
All that comes to me.
Free of fear, free of hate
Free of death, free of self
Forever in harmony.

May your beauty be mine
Your love and peace.
May your light shine
Through every word and deed
Illumine every thought
Uphold each act
Your heart, oh Lord,
Be mine.

KINSHIP

Margaret Poynter

THE CLEAR, SWEET, untrained voices blended as the four boys and two girls sat around the table. They were rehearsing the songs for a buddy's funeral which was to be held the following morning. I hadn't known the boy, but since I have a teenage son, I felt deep empathy with the dead boy's family.

It had been a senseless accident—a sixteen-year-old boy, a motorcycle, a moment's carelessness—and the collapse of a family's hopes and dreams as their only child sprawled on the street in a pool of blood. I had read about it in the newspaper and thought: how awful.

But this morning, as I listened to those young people sing the music which had been so much a part of the dead boy's life, the realization of the kinship I had with his mother struck me like a blow. When one parent loses a child, the tremor reaches out and touches all other parents. The shock may not be felt, but it is there nevertheless.

So many times there is an impenetrable wall between our world and our children's world, and yet once in a while, like this morning, the sound of those voices and that hauntingly beautiful music seep through a chink in the wall and strike a common chord in our lives.

At the same time something in the attitudes of the young people bothered me. They interspersed their singing with casual comments—some of them anecdotes about the dead boy: " Hey, remember the time you and Steven—" and "Yeah, I met him at this dance at Muir High—" and some of them remarked about "a really neat album I got the other day."

It did not sound to me as if there were much sadness or regret and little intimation of how close death is to us at all times. There were occasional giggles and comradely chuckles, even. While all this was going on, tears were running down my face.

How silly of me, I thought, I hadn't even known the boy.

And yet I knew I had. I knew him because I had a teenage son.

The kids finished their practice and spent an hour or so around the piano. Then they left to play tennis, jokingly saying they were going to feel ridiculous after having seen Arthur Ashe on TV. Life was definitely going on for them, while mine was temporarily suspended. I marveled at their armor.

Then I realized that with all the uncertainties, changes, and traumas in a teenager's life, he had to have a hard shell of defense. If he didn't, the finalities of life would crush him. Nature has obviously given the teenager this covering so that he can take the time necessary to grow up and to learn to handle his personal problems. It would be asking too much to have him face death naked and defenseless.

It is only as a person grows older that he becomes vulnerable and easily touched or hurt by things that are inevitable. An older person feels everything everyone does in addition to what affects him directly. We can only hope that we grow strong enough to handle this barrage of wounds.

I wrote a note to Steven's mother, hoping I was not adding to the pain she already felt. . . . I felt guilty when my own son came crashing back into the house after the tennis game. He was so sweaty, so noisy, so gloriously alive.

THE GIFT

Martha Bower

I gave the little boy a train,
A rocking horse, a silver plane.
I gave the little boy a top,
Some licorice and a soda pop.
I gave the little boy a car,
A Christmas tree, a silver star.

The little boy gave me a box
Of blue sea shells and yellow rocks.

GET OFF THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

Virginia Ladd Otis

WE HAVE the illusion that time and space are moving as we ride the merry-go-round of life. Actually it is we who are moving with the merry-go-round. Only when it stops can we see reality and realize the eternal present.. Some never get off until death. But those who step off for a moment, or for minutes, experience that knowledge of the awesome presence of eternal things which appears as a revelation. Those who lose themselves in meditation learn to dwell in this concept for longer periods until their whole outlook is changed. They gain new wisdom and have new goals which are inevitably of a more spiritual nature.

If we can get into our minds the concept that eternity is here and now, our consciousness will be expanded to envision all creation, not just the obvious things. This is the goal of meditation...to sense reality, or the universe, as it really is, not as it seems to our five senses alone.

A cultivation of our spiritual nature through intuition is what modern men and women desperately need.

LIGHT — THAT OTHERS MIGHT SEE

J. Marshall Porter

LANTERNS furnished the only safe portable light for those who had to work in the dark when I was growing up on the farm. Flash lights were coming into use then, and every farm family had one or more, but they were unreliable. With the shining new marvel of light, one could begin a short night-journey with brilliance and come home in total darkness when globes were burned out or batteries went dead. But the early flashlights were novelties for farm boys who rarely saw brighter lights than the smoking oil

lamps that sat in the center of the kitchen table.

Lanterns were the 'old dependables' around the farms. They gave a dim, yellow light in a circle that always cast a long shadow of the one who carried it and of those who walked on either side. They were the safest lights to take to the barn, yet they were the cause of many barn fires that were disastrous.

There were usually many unfinished tasks or chores to be done around the farm after dark, and light was indispensable. While I was still a small boy, my father often took me with him to hold the lantern while he worked. The task was so easy it was tiresome. It often lasted late into the night and I grew sleepy. In winter it was uncomfortably cold to just stand and hold a lantern. My thoughts were likely to roam to the warmth of the kitchen and playing with my sisters. At such times, I became careless about holding the lantern, and my father would say, "Hold it up...I can't see!"

I would hold it up then, but soon he would be asking me to do it again.

One night after he had reminded me several times, he told me—not unkindly but with a little impatience and firmness: "Always hold a light so you can see what I am doing. Then I can see."

I have never forgotten his words. In my mature years I have often thought that maybe our lives are meant to be lights for others, and wondered if we are holding them so that they might see.

POEM

Frankie Edwards Robertson

Life is a highway
From point to point.
I can ride happy
Or out of joint.

I choose the Master
Who computes my fate.
He sets the pace
And I pay the rate.

THE NEED TO PROVE

Carla Patsuris

"WHAT are you trying to prove?" may be a slangish query, but on delving, we find it reveals deep meanings, for at any age in any station of life a wise and constructive person could pause and ask it.

The young child is forever, without knowing it, proving himself to himself by jumping back up after a fall. . . . And the breadwinner earning a slice or a loaf for a family must, if he is to succeed in the face of competition, be forever in the act of 'proving.'

Senior Citizens as a group may have accepted comfort to the point of no longer proving anything other than that they belong to the self-labeled 'dying'. . . . For them this point in their lives is THE TIME for special thoughts toward 'proving.'

Many a child has been robbed of 'proving' through over-restriction; we read daily of juvenile delinquents who must have often known a wild despair from being overshadowed. Older men and women with good incomes, with their faculties, with experience in lines of endeavor, seek refuge in so-called homes where someone else, in exchange for a sum, will do their thinking for them. . . will shingle the roof, serve the food, make the bed. . . while through all of these imprisoned days a world exists and time moves on and there is ample space. . . . Thus they set up final barriers to liberation or growth and the joy of growing!

Perhaps 'proving' should also be titled 'desire.' And any one at any time can make his own escape from anything provided he has desire enough. Many times it is from one's own negative self that one must escape. And age is no obstacle, for as soon as a person begins to rise through desire, a new and healthier environment will start to youthify, and a renewing will set in that can balance even 'the years the locusts have eaten.'

There is an old Chinese saying: "He who stops hurting himself soon gets well."

There are many tools lying about unused that could help anyone in the midst of desire for a better life. The act of breaking away and of going forward in a two-dimensional circle is broken the moment one is aroused to THINK UPWARD and to go forward in a three-dimensional way which eventually leads to the place in life where one finds himself using the four-dimensional intuitive pathway toward new expression into new living.

One of the GREAT SECRETS is to realize this and then to put it into practice. For GENIUS can be like the lightbulb turned off. It can be there always, needing only the act of desire to click the light back on.

Not all people are supercharged to the same degree of power and with this in mind it might serve well to review Thoreau: "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or faraway." But let him step from small success to greater and from goal to goal.

However, there is always a hovering guardian angel and each should remember this as he is being 'tempered.' When we process metal, it is refined by fire, or tempered. Tempering is a process of refinement. . . this can lead to understanding of the meaning of intuition which is a continual process and a way of achieving growth. The growing one from the start to the finishing line must plan on discovering the positive side of all negative presentations, and this is often done through the aid of the hopeful belief in one's guardian angel, which could really be one's own higher self reaching down to lift up. . . lift up . . . lift up.

Soon after a desire-for-good comes into power, a sense of awe and responsibility takes over and it is then that the third dimensions of living are really in reach and then the light can be turned on brighter. . . and brighter. . . and if everything is not right it is becoming better at last.

CIRCE'S MAGIC

Francis Merchant

NOT BEING ABLE to fall asleep one night, I picked up a book on mythology and started to read. I was at the point where the sailors of Ulysses were changed into swine by the enchantress Circe when I nodded for a moment.

Suddenly I saw a mist at the foot of my bed. In a few minutes it took shape and I recognized my visitor. "As I live and breathe," I exclaimed, "if it isn't Circe!"

"None other," she replied.

"Where is your wand?" I asked.

"In other days I used it," she said, "but today it's not at all necessary."

"I thought you needed it to transform human beings into swine."

"It doesn't require a wand to change people into pigs these days," she explained. "There was a time when it taxed my skill to bring about this transformation, but in this day and age it's much simpler."

"The fermented grape and the crushed poppy do the work for me," she told me. "Haven't you noticed how many people are changed into animals by hard liquor and drugs?"

"I did," I acknowledged, "but I didn't ascribe this metamorphosis to your influence."

"Nowadays I simply play on a few natural inclinations and, lo, the work is done."

"Converting natural man into animal man is rather easy," I said. "Why don't you try to convert natural man into spiritual man?"

"That would really require magic," she declared.

"If human beings can be degraded into pigs, why couldn't they be elevated to the state of angels?"

"It's possible," she admitted, "but only if you can change their inclinations. At present they seem to be motivated to move in the other direction." So saying, she suddenly vanished.

Mildred Long autographing books in 1970

The Autobiography of Mildred Long

A SPIRITUAL UNFOLDING — Part III

Chapter VII: The Appointed Time

"Faith is to believe what you cannot see, and the reward of faith is to see what you believe" —St. Augustine

"Though the vision tarry, wait for it; it will surely come"

NEVER would I have dreamed it would be fourteen years before I had gained my security in walking. But I cannot recall that I ever entertained the idea that I would not get well. I slipped into depression and near despair but not chiefly on account of the physical problems as I see it. The emotional and spiritual problems were in the ascendancy. At some point I claimed the promise God

made to the Israelites: "I will restore unto you the years that the locust hath eaten." He has done this and abundantly more.

Of late my thinking has centered around two concepts regarding life. The first is that the soul is here to grow, to achieve its destiny. Paul has clearly defined the goal: "Christ in me," "the new man," "to grow up into the stature of the fullness of God," "by beholding His face we are changed into His image from glory to glory." And Peter adds his word: that "the promises were given that we might be partakers of the divine nature."

The second is: that God has endowed each soul with a capacity to achieve that goal. This is an astounding, arresting thought. Three things are required for victory:

First, the vision; second, a compelling, unrelenting desire backed by perseverance; third, to unite our creative powers with God's great power in conscious striving and seeking to reach the goal. When this is done, the impossible becomes possible.

And that creative power in man is the picture-forming part of the mind, the imagination, the power to visualize that which does not appear in reality. Every artist uses this power; every scientist; every philosopher; every professional man, merchant, or farmer. Everybody! The results depend upon what one visualizes and the effort he puts into making the vision a reality.

My study and searching led me into the knowledge of visualization. I want to share with you some of the methods I used and some of the affirmations and meditations that helped me shape my thinking and add to my eventual success in rehabilitation.

Think with me now as I repeat these words for you:

"I am a child of God and everything I do I do for the purpose of fulfilling God's plan of life which is served through me.

"I accept all of life, even the disturbances caused by faulty adjustments, as right for me so long as such faulty adjustments continue.

"I am a child of God, and I am learning to make right ad-

justment through which God's perfect laws can give me health, peace, and happiness.

"I am a child of God and I am learning to make peace with life."

* * *

"God's hand controls and directs the affairs of my life and His healing spirit is manifest in renewing and rebuilding the cells of my body and in bringing my thoughts into harmony with His will that I may come to that perfect expression of life in Him which is balance and peace and power."

* * *

"Almighty God, Thou who art the only source of health and healing, spirit of calm and central peace in the universe, grant unto us, Thy children, such a consciousness of Thy indwelling presence as may give us utter confidence in Thee. In all times of pain or weariness or anxiety may we throw ourselves upon Thy besetting care, that knowing we are fenced about by Thy loving omnipotence, we may permit Thee to give us health and strength and peace; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

* * *

"Oh Lord, I submit myself to Thy love and mercy. With the sweet trust of a child in the protecting arms of its mother, I release myself to the Everlasting Arms. Thy will is sufficient to guide me, Thy strength to support me, Thy love to sustain and heal me. In Thy bosom I rest grateful, peaceful, unafraid." (Starr Daily)

For meditation:

"Come with me to a quiet lake in the mountains. The imagination that enables us to do this is the creative power of God He has placed within us. It is to be used for our good and for His glory, not for our undoing. Sit with me on the shore of the lake and contemplate its beauty. Clear and smooth, not a rip-

ple on its surface. This is because it is so deep. Make a spiritual application and ponder what depth means. Observe the reflection is perfect—blue sky, white clouds, purple mountains, green trees. (The quiet soul reflects His glory.) Feel the soft breath of air, the warmth of the sun. Breathe deeply and relax. Listen to the almost imperceptible movements around you—the hum of growing things, the rustle of the leaves, the vibration of life. Hear also the chirp of the birds, the scurrying feet of a squirrel, the falling of a pine cone, the murmur of living things. And know that God is in all of this and He is now present here with us and in our hearts. His Presence brings peace and quietness, assurance, and love. And we bathe our souls in this peace and love."

Such a meditation will bring renewal, may induce sleep, but even if it fails to bring such things it wards off the dangers of worry or discontent.

At times I have been proficient in such meditation. But my problem—and I assume it might be the problem of others, too—is that when all is well I too often find no need to meditate. Therefore when all is not well, I have difficulty in quieting the mind because I am out of practice. These mind-habits and skills are like any other—they require constant use and practice. No mental attainment is of more value than this kind of control and this kind of quiet meditation on beauty, peace, love, and God.

Another form of healing the mind is to repeat Scripture, hymns of the church, poetry, and other beautiful thoughts. This will hold the mind in balance even though deep peace fails to come.

In recent years I have had much of this mental confusion (due to hypoglycemia) and I believe this ability to use mind-control is responsible for maintaining some measure of balance. In the daytime I kept busy doing things my strength permitted. At night I used such meditations when I could not sleep. But I realized the need to do more of it and more often.

My prayer life has changed and grown. Seldom do I ask anything for myself. I commit a need, a situation to God and

thank Him for the supply. I have moved from asking through acceptance and giving thanks; through submission of will and acceptance of life as from His hand; through affirmations and meditation to quiet reliance on His love for daily provision. It is a long way from a desperate seeking after Him to experiencing His constant presence. I look ahead to "bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ," and to "partaking of the divine nature," and to the answer to Jesus' prayer "that we might all be one."

It is interesting and perhaps significant that during the first year of my incapacity I wrote four poems that could easily sum up my life story.

I had become deeply interested in the idea that it isn't what happens to us that matters, but our response to it. So I wrote:

What Matters?

What matters? Nothing matters much
Except that I hold my head up high
Above the clouds that are sweeping by
For Heaven's radiance to touch.

What matters though the days be long
And hard while disappointments burn?
It matters much that I lift and turn
Them all to trusting, joyful song.

It matters little my station or race
Or where I live or when I die.
But only that living I glorify
His name, and dying see His face.

It matters only how I climb
To where Eternity captures time.

The next three are prophetic. I could never have guessed what was ahead of me when I wrote them. But they show that I

was not accepting the situation as final. Perhaps they reveal something of an inner knowing of truths not yet revealed.

Ravelled Threads

My life is a weaving of ravelled threads,
A blunder here, a failure there,
My task unfinished — before me spreads
A hopeless tangle begun with such care.

The perfect Craftsman gathers the ends
And weaves them together in loving design.
And into the heavenly pattern He blends
The purpose and striving He knew were mine.

I gaze upon it in wonder and awe —
Can this be my life incomplete and marred?
What compassionate grace to touch each flaw
With those hands that for me were broken and scarred!

Suppose I had said when I heard His call
I'd withhold my life till it were complete?
I shudder to think — and the teardrops fall
As I humbly and gratefully bow at His feet.

God Made A Poet

God took a soul that had known inspiration,
Flying to heights where eagles wing,
Sensitive ever to darkness and dawning,
Joyful in nature's whispering.

Scarred with sin but clothed in forgiveness,
Knowing the meaning of human despair,

Foiled but persisting in hope and endeavor,
Reaching upward in faith and prayer.

Into that soul He breathed His harmony,
Fired it with courage to dare the unknown.
Out of the crucible came a poet,
Moving men's hearts from hovel to throne.

Lying on my bed one Sunday morning, listening to a sermon on the radio, I heard the minister tell the story about Ole Bull. He was playing a difficult number on the violin before a large audience when the A string of the violin broke. Immediately he and his accompanist transposed the number and finished it with scarcely a break. It was then I wrote:

Triumphant

Three strings of a violin,
The fourth one broken.
And still the harmony flowed triumphant —
The artist had spoken.

Three strings of a human life,
The remaining shattered.
But the soul arose and climbed exultant —
And so, what mattered?

I am in my eighty-third year. Besides trying to get plenty of rest, I maintain three disciplines: a daily quiet time with God, a daily routine of exercise including walking, and a strict diet. I do not know what lies ahead for me, but I feel I may have several years yet to grow and serve.

When this earthly pilgrimage is ended for me or you or anyone, it can all be summed up in two lines:

It matters only how I climb
To where Eternity captures time.

And remember: "The vision is for an appointed time. Though it tarry, wait for it. It will surely come. It will not tarry."

VISION

I have seen Him afresh, the Glorified One,
In what He has given and what He has done,
In the matchless beauty of Jesus the Son.
Let me be anchored and steadied in Him,
Let not, oh, let not the vision grow dim!

I have felt His indwelling, I know He is mine —
I surrender my life, my all; it is Thine —
Christ living in me and making me whole,
Christ possessing, controlling my yielded soul.
My life covered up and lost in Him.
Oh, let not, let not the vision grow dim!

THE SOUL must grow. It cannot stand still. Life is a pilgrimage with a promised destination. I see God as the author of life, the preserver, sustainer, provider. I see Him thus manifested in my life. I see union with God as the goal. For what God has made will return to Him in due time. He cannot lose His own.

In my life I see the verification of His promises: "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory in Jesus Christ" (Phil. 4-19), "Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling" (Psalm 116:8), nothing "shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Jesus Christ, our Lord" (Rom. 8:39), "I am with you alway even unto the end of the world" (Matt. 28:20), and "All things work together for good to them who love God, to those who are called according to His purpose, all things great or small" (Rom. 8:28).

The road leads through dark valleys and up steep slopes, but He gives light and guidance. We may fall or fail, but we need not be utterly cast down for He reaches out a hand to help. And

every time we rise up and go forward we have grown an inch. In the night of disappointment or sorrow there is always the star of hope and faith, always the promise of sunrise again. In the hour of success and achievement the trusting soul will still keep a measure of humility and selflessness.

I see the golden thread of guidance from the hovering angels to the direction to go forward into the unknown; the yearning for a fuller life and the enforced opportunity to learn and grow; then the voice and the other leadings that pointed to the physical help I needed. Guidance all the way. All fulfilling the command and promise:

"Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He will bring it to pass" (Psalm 37:5).

"My heart rejoices in hope" and thanksgiving, and my spirit is lifted up in anticipation of glories not yet revealed.

LOVE OF GOD

Stella Craft Tremble

The Love of God comes in the heart
As noiseless as can be—
As sunlight on a clover field,
Still as anemone
Open beside the woodland pool
When summer days are cool.

The Love of God comes in the heart
When opens wide the gate
Admitting thoughts of love to grow
Without the weeds of hate. . .
When listening for the voice within,
We let Christ come in.

TWO POEMS *by Randall Cromarty*

The Volcano and the Iceberg

A similarity unspoken
Perhaps different maps of similar
territories.
Yet, in truth, they are the same.

One writes the song on paper.

Another blasts its sound over the noise of
a VW engine.

Yet they weave in and out, even when
separated by miles of
human-measured disperception

And in meeting there is a melting
denied out of fear of
self-destruction — an illusion
only when seen by the other.

The Old Home Town

The old home town — pictured
in all our poetry and literature.
These quaint people from our
personal histories.

But I see through different
eyes. People don't seem quaint
there — just strangers now.

My town is just another town.

It has to change as I have.

OUR PRESIDENTIAL HERITAGE by Reuben L. Musey

IN the founding years of the United States of America, two men who were to serve as future Presidents, were principal builders of the new Republic.

The fertility of their thinking and the multiplicity of their interests framed a foundation upon which those who believed in law, liberty, and hard work could build an enduring superstructure.

John Adams—learned and thoughtful—a diplomat—was remarkable as a philosopher. He was a shaper of the Revolution, a man of peace, and saved the nation from war with France. His words live on: "There is but one element of government, and that is the people. From this element springs all governments. For a nation to be free, it is only necessary that she will it. For a nation to be slave, it is only necessary that she wills it. . . ."

Thomas Jefferson—master of any talent or profession to which he turned his hand—served as the third President. One of the marks of Jefferson's greatness is, indeed, the perennial appeal of his unique personality and the enduring freshness of his ideas. He devoted his whole life to the spread and realization of the democratic ideal. Today his words still glow and inspire: "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the minds of men."

Adams and Jefferson were both assigned to a committee by the Continental Congress to draft the Declaration of Independence, historic document, living ideas.

History records that both patriots died on the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the document which gave every American the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Freedom is alone the unoriginated birthright of man; it belongs to him by force of his humanity, and is in dependence on the will and coaction of every other, in so far as this consists with every other person's freedom. —Kant

WITHIN

From "Songs In the Moonlight" by Florence De Groat

Lord, they've been telling me how I should pray!
They wrote it all out in their big, grown-up way!
Lord, don't they know that You hear what I say
When I just talk to You in my usual way?

Lord, I have known You forever, so why
Should I think of You somewhere 'way up in the sky?
When I want to be near You I don't have to *try*
If I'm quiet *Within,* where there's just You and I!

IN A TIME OF TEARS

Maude Dickinson

In a time of tears
I would turn to remembered joys
And times of refreshing endeavor.

In a time of tears
Let me feel the warmth of compassion
For others whose hours are bleak.

In a time of tears, dear Lord,
Help me to know that for all the pain
Of today I shall sing tomorrow.

IN YOUR HEART

Mary Elizabeth Matthews

Love is something
Found in the heart;
Love's an awareness
Right from the start.
It's caring for
Someone so dear,
It's sharing with
Someone who's near.
It's a present
You are giving,
And the main reason
For living.

KARMA — COSMIC LAW

Goldie L. Morales

There is no door through which man can escape
From life, a child astray in paradise,
Yet blind to beauty of its form and shape
Because he will not use his spirit's eyes.
His vanity and dark conceits come first,
And they are loved above all other things.
What if they cause his hunger and his thirst?
He does not see it is his hand which flings
The damp and dew of sorrow on his path—
That fate returns to him what he sends out—
That he must reap his planting's aftermath.
Although he curse the law, and throne his doubt,
The fact remains, the sunlight and the shade
Through which his feet must pass his thoughts have made.

I SMILED SERENELY. . .

Irene Graessle

I smiled serenely as I thought
Of all the beauty God had wrought,
Of trees and buds that bloom again
When spring comes to the hearts of men.

I smiled serenely when I saw
The ground grow fertile after thaw.
The grass grow green, and through the land
Man see anew God's guiding hand.

I smiled serenely, then I prayed
That all these things that God has made
Might bring us closer to His side
And always in His love abide.

A MORNING MEDITATION AS I LOOK OUT OF MY WINDOW

Doris E. Symmonds

I thank you for the morning's dawning light
That seems to say that everything is right.

It tells me that your plans for life are sure
Your love will be around me evermore.

The birds fly north and south and east and west.
They seem to know whichever way is best.

I thank you for this room where I can be
In quiet peace and trust, alone with Thee.

I see the gorgeous clouds as I arise.
You're painting pictures for me in the skies.

The trees stand silently, without a quiver
As if in listening mood to you, the Giver.

I, too, am listening for your word today.
Direct my path and tell me what to say.

I know you have a purpose for my life.
Help me to find and do it without strife.

Don't let me miss the meaning of this day;
The hours are short, it soon will pass away.

If you will only dwell within my heart
It will be joyous from the very start.

Just keep me ready to obey your will,
Your strength will come to me when I am still.

Your words, "Be still and know that I am God"
Will keep me calm as on the way I trod.

Now I must do my work and active be.
I pray that I may do it all for Thee.

HIT AND MISS

Margaret Giles

Butterflies dart here and there
  To sip only the external sweets
While the bee goes down deeper
  Until the hidden nectar he meets.

Are you a butterfly or a bee
  When searching for the nectar in God's Word,
Do you skim and miss most of its treasures
  Or plumb its depths until you're stirred?

(Photograph taken in 1970 for the 20th anniversary of FIP)

PAULINE ADOUE TAYLOR

(November 13, 1876 - February 8, 1976)

Pauline Adoue Taylor was born in Calvert, Texas, the daughter of Jacques Adoue and Margaret Douglas Fuller. Through her mother, her ancesters trace back to Daniel Trezevant, a French Huguenot, who settled in Charlestown, South Carolina, in 1685. In 1899 she married Thomas Marshall Taylor, a prominent and successful banker, a county judge, and, from 1922 until his death in 1932, a large corporation counsel.

Mrs. Taylor was a member of the committee that brought about the founding of Fellowship in Prayer, She became a Trustee and later a Vice President, and was one of the most active and interested members the Fellowship ever had—not only entertaining the Board

of Trustees at her beautiful apartment overlooking Central Park but calling at the Fellowship's office frequently to volunteer her services in getting out the bimonthly publication. Following the death of the founder in 1956, she was in daily communication with the Executive Secretary. Above all Pauline Adoue Taylor was a true friend. After giving up her New York apartment and moving back to her native Texas, she maintained this friendship by correspondence and long-distance telephone. So often she would say, "Fellowship in Prayer has been a wonderful experience in my life."

Mrs. Taylor was a member of the Episcopal Church and was a person of unusual spiritual qualities. We will miss her deeply now that she has left us a few months short of her hundredth birthday. The sympathy of the Fellowship is extended to her six surviving nephews. —*K.G.B.*

NOTICES & COMMENT

MASTHEAD CHANGES.

DENNIS BARRY CARROLL, of Hagerstown, Maryland, who has been serving as a Contributing Editor, has agreed to serve as Advisor from the Southern Zone.

NIXEON CIVILLE HANDY, of Seattle, Washington, has accepted our invitation to serve as a Contributing Editor. Mrs. Handy's writing is familiar by now to FIP readers (see page 9 of this issue for her latest). On publication of the first part of Mildred Long's much-enjoyed Autobiography, we were surprised to learn that Mrs. Handy was a part of it—as one of many unmentioned students of Miss Long's during her teaching career.

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Back Cover: I Praise God For My Parents *by Cherry Van Deusen Pratt*

THE BATH

Mary Elizabeth Matthews

One early springtime morning,
The sun was sparkling bright;
We'd had a little shower
Sometime in the night.

A fat and chunky robin
Was having a little shower;
In raindrops falling from the roof
And landing in a flower!

I PRAISE GOD FOR MY PARENTS

Cherry Van Deusen Pratt

Thank God for parents, wise and true,
Who knew how to teach right from wrong
And read the Bible every day,
While in their hearts was loving song.

Thank God for parents, stern but kind,
Who led their children in the path of light
And taught them how to kneel and pray—
To walk uprightly in our Saviour's sight.

I thank my God on bended knee
For parents who could trust and praise. . . rejoice;
Togetherness was their own way
And love for others was their choice.

I praise God for my family
And for the blessings of such rare love.
O, may I ever firmly stand
That I may join them in realms above!